DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 3 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

BY G. L. V.

The "Carnival and Child's Ball" was uppermost in the mind of little May Ritch, as she danced to and fro across the nursery floor. She was only eight years old, and yet was going to a fancy ball.

Mamma had not determined whether she should represent a butterfly, or a fairy, or go as Little Red Riding Hood. There would have been a certain fitness in assuming this last character, for the wolf lies in wait at the closing scene, and the child goes out to meet it. The wolf may take the comparatively harmless form of diphtheria, scarlet fever, or some slight physical derangement; the moral evil by which the child is met, this is the open jaw of the wolf with its fearful teeth, waiting to destroy the unconscious little Red Riding Hood.

It was for charity that this grand ball was to be given; there were found mothers who had so much charity that they were willing to sacrifice their own children for the sake of the children of the poor, who were willing to initiate little ones of six, eight, and ten years old into the pride, jealousy and love of admiration consequent upon a grand fancy ball. This is done in the name of charity.

It is probable that the cost of dresses and other necessary expenses if freely given would have realized a greater sum than the net proceeds, and in that case the children might have been spared the exhibition or sacrifice. What word expresses this passing of the children through the fire to Moloch?

Advantage is taken of our love of amusement, of our pride or ostentation, of almost any weakness of human nature to win from us money apparently for some good object, but have we a right to call the money thus given, charity? We are almost tempted to say of charity, as Madame Roland said of liberty, "What sins are committed in thy name!"

Little May danced to and fro, from the nursery in which old Nursey was singing the baby to sleep, to the adjoining room in which mamma was discoursing with Miss Fashion, the dressmaker.

"Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,"

sang Nursey.

"Pink satin, with slippers to match, and her hair frizzed by the barber," said mamma.

"Sowing the seed by the noonday glare."

"Or," suggested the dressmaker, "we might take fine illusion lace sprinkled with tiny gold stars to represent—"

"Sowing the seed in the solemn night."

"Yes," replied mamma, "that would be appropriate. The child is very fairy-like, as you remarked. Her complexion is so delicate, and she looks so fragile. Come here, my dear, (to the child) let Miss Fashion see what color would be most becoming to your hair and eyes."

"Oh, what shall the harvest be?"

(Aside to the dressmaker.) "Isn't she just perfectly lovely?"

Then followed some whispering between Miss Fashion and mamma. The child not being deaf could not help hearing that Miss Fashion admired her hair and eyes and thought her very charming and very fairy-like, much more so than Miss Edith who lived next door, and yet Miss Edith had aspired to being the queen of the fairies, with such a dark complexion—what presumption! With golden hair and lovely blue eyes, that was quite another thing.

"Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, oh sure, will the harvest be."

All these comments of Miss Fashion had been made in a lower than ordinary tone, which of course the more surely attracted the child's attention, and like an "aside" upon the stage, was heard quite as distinctly as when she resumed her natural voice and offered various suggestions upon the usual make-up of fairies, showing what made the prettiest wings, and what was best for a wand, etc., etc.

Nursey had finished one verse of the hymn, but the baby was not yet asleep, so she began the next.

"Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain."

Miss Fashion had got out her tape measure and was taking the size of the child's waist, and the length of her skirt, with a lively accompaniment of remarks. "Stand up straight, Miss. So. What a lovely little queen! You'll turn all the young gentlemen crazy. There'll not be a beau for anybody else. Miss Edith will be so jealous! You'll take her pride down, won't you! You'll be the admiration of all the little, young gentlemen, and the envy of all the little misses!"

"Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame."

Miss Fashion had now written down the measure on a bit of paper, and the child was released, but she lingered near with heightened color to hear the discussion which followed as to whether pink or blue was the more becoming, and also to add the weight of her wishes to Miss Fashion's proposition, that upon this occasion she should throw off her long-sleeve, high-neck flannel; this proposition was finally adopted upon the strength of the argument that only in the most airy and elegant costume could she outshine her playmate, Miss Edith.

"Sure, oh sure, will the harvest be,"

sang the nurse, with a shrill and painful lingering on the words, for baby had gone to sleep, and she was putting him in his cradle.

"Why will Nursey sing such melancholy tunes!" exclaimed mamma, for there was a certain wail in the song that just then grated upon the mother, but she thrust such thoughts aside, for—was not this done in the name of "charity?"

Little Miss May went to the ball, was admired and flattered; she danced, had ices and candies to eat, and slept in a feverish sleep until almost noon the next day.

The question is not whether she took cold, or whether with a weakened constitution she died of fever, or whether she went to school the day after just as usual.

There was a deeper than physical suffering, there was moral evil involved. The seed sown was love of dress and display, selfishness, pride, and in place of love for childlike pleasures the craving for amusements beyond her years.

We see everywhere thoughtless, pleasure-loving women who sacrifice all that is best in life for dress, fashion, and self-gratification. The seed has been sown in childhood for this fearful harvest "to be gathered in time or eternity."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

ORIENTAL VINE ARBOR.

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The Grape-vine has always grown very plentifully in Palestine, and has been particularly excellent, and the fruit very large in some districts. The bunch of grapes which was cut in the valley of Eschol, and was brought upon a staff between two men to the camp of Israel, at Kadesh-Barnea, may give us some idea of the largeness of the fruit in that country. A single bunch of grapes is often more than ten pounds in weight, and even in England a bunch of Syrian grapes has been produced, which weighed nineteen pounds.

As the Egyptian fruit of the vine was small like our own, we may easily imagine the surprise of the Israelites when they saw the immense bunch brought from the valley of Eschol. Travellers at the present day tell us that a bunch is cut off the vine, and laid on a board, around which the people seat themselves, and each helps himself to as many of the grapes as he pleases.

In many places the vines spread over the ground and rocks unsupported. Often, however, they are trained upon trellis work over walls, trees, arbors, the porches and walls of houses, and at times within the house, on the sides of the central court. Thus growing the vine became a beautiful emblem of the domestic love, peace and plenty, which will abound when the Gospel of Christ prevails fully among the nations of the earth. Mic. iv. 4.

DOING WITHOUT HIS BEER.

Thousands of workmen toil to keep some brewer rich or to clothe the wives of the rum-sellers in silk, while their own wives dress in cheap calico. To such we commend this anecdote. In England there was a man named Wm. Bailey, who had once been a farm laborer, and who now owns an establishment whose business amounts to thousands and thousands of dollars. Some years ago, this man happened to cross a wheat-field, and saw some laborers at work mowing. He was dressed in a fine suit of black, but walked over among the laborers, and asked one of them if he might be allowed to mow.

The man said "Yes," and Bailey took a scythe and began to work. He had not been long engaged when one of the laborers said, in some surprise, noting his attire and deeming him a wealthy gentleman, "Why, you have mowed before!"

"Yes, I have," Bailey responded, "and I used at one time to drink beer regularly when I did. But while I was mowing one day, and drinking my beer, the idea suddenly came to me that I could mow just as well without beer."

"Oh, I couldn't work without beer," interrupted one of the laborers. "I never could get on."

"Well," continued Bailey, "after I began to mow without the beer, I soon discovered that I could get on without mowing altogether."

"We should like that very well," said the laborers.

"Oh, no," returned Bailey; "you cannot do without your beer, and you will go on mowing and mowing all your lives, without rising to anything better."

IF YOU DON'T KEEP YOUR WORD in little things when you are young, you'll never do it when you are old. If you promise to be at a certain place at a certain hour, be there, rain or shine, no matter to whom the promise has been given. Let nothing that you can possibly control prevent it. If you promise to do a certain thing at a certain time, *do* it whether you want to or not when the time comes, and then as you grow up and enter into business you can be depended upon; and if you can secure the confidence of your associates in business by proving that you invariably keep your word, half, and more than half, of your life's battles have been fought.

Temperance Department.

"I LIKE TO WEAR MY OWN CLOTHES FIRST."

BY THE REV. CHARLES GARRETT.

"Hallo! Bill, I declare I thought it was the Squire coming," said a good-natured looking, but poorly-dressed workingman, as he met one of his shopmates coming from a place of worship one Sunday morning. "Has somebody died and left them a fortune?"

"No, Jim," was the kindly reply, "I haven't many friends that can help me; but I have always tried to be my own friend, and to make the best of what God gives me."

"Well, but," said Jim, "I never had such a suit of clothes as that on *my* back since I was born, and I don't see how, with my wages, I can ever hope to get one; I've never had a chance of getting on."

"You are wrong," said Bill. "The fault is not in the wages, but in yourself; your wages are much the same as mine; indeed, if there is any difference, I think I could show that the advantage is on your side. The only difference between us is this—that *I* like to wear my my own clothes *first*, while *you* pay the publican to wears yours for you, and then you wear them when he's done with them. The suit I have on now cost me four pounds, that is eighty shillings; now, you spend from half-a-crown to ten shillings every week end. Suppose we say four shillings; in twenty weeks, or about half a year, you will have spent enough to buy a suit like the one I have on. It all depends, you see, whether you go to the drink shop or to the tailor's shop; and what a difference it makes to your family! As I came by your house last week, I saw your Jane, looking very different from what she looked when you were courting her. I used to think when I met you on a Sunday that a smarter couple never trod the streets than you two. She has been a good and true wife to you, and has made the best of all you have given her. But I don't think she has had fair play, she has had to put up with anything she could get, and a woman can't keep her good looks when she is treated that way. You mustn't be vexed at me for what I am going to say, but I couldn't help thinking that the dress she had on when I saw her last week was very much like one that Mrs. Wilkins, the landlady of the Red Lion, wore two or three years ago."

Poor Jim, who, like many men that are slaves to drink, had a kindly heart, tried to speak, but a choking in his throat made it almost impossible; at last he said, "Bill, thou art right; I have been a great fool, and have behaved better to the landlady and her family than I have to my own wife and children. Jane has been all that a wife could be to me, and I have been a scoundrel to her. When I was laid up through the fight I had with Joe Tomkins she watched over me like an angel, and never said a wrong word to me about it. And when I was down in the fever, she never had her clothes off for a fortnight, and the doctor said that her nursing saved me; I should never had got over it. She had no-ing coming in, and was often sore put to get bread for herself and the children, and yet she always had something nourishing for me, and I had everthing I wanted. And as to a dress, I haven't bought her a new one for many a year, and I daresay you are right about the one she wears; we bought it the other day at Skinem's, the pawn-shop, for four shillings, and I wouldn't wonder a bit if it were an old one of Mrs. Wilkins. It's a burning shame that my lass should have to wear her cast off clothes; and you how can I help it?" "Help it?" said Bill. "Why, easily; you have but to carry your four or ten shillings home every Saturday night, instead of carrying it to the Red Lion, and you will soon have a wonderful change. Give your Jane the money, and see if at the end of the year there doesn't turn out of your house a mother and children, dressed in such a way that you will be proud of them."

"That's right enough," said Jim, "but you see a fellow must have something to keep up his strength, and a glass of beer is both victuals and drink too. I don't see that I shall mend matters by committing suicide." "Suicide!" replied Bill, "that's the very thing you have been doing the last dozen years. I was downright sorry to see you as you came into the shop on Tuesday morning; you were fit for nothing, and you looked as if you were ready to finish your suicide by jumping into the canal. Drink keep your strength up, indeed! Why, it is bringing it down every day. There never was a greater impostor than strong drink. It says, I'll make men happy, and it plunges them in misery; it says, I'll give them strength, and it makes them weak. A moment's thought will show you that it is so. You have not forgotten that fight with Joe Tomkins?" "Not likely," said Jim. "Well, when you were in training, and wanted to be at your strongest, did your trainer give you plenty of drink?" "Nay," said Jim, "he would scarcely let me have a sup." "And why?" continued Bill, "because he knew it would weaken you. If it would have given you strength, you would have had plenty. Everybody that has looked at the matter knows that drink is the enemy of strength, and that when a man has to fight, or run, or walk, or wrestle, he must keep away from the drink, and so it is with hard work. Jim, you are a good fellow, and I want to see you doing better. There is, however, but one way, and that is by becoming what I am, a staunch teetotaler. Drink has been your worst enemy. It has kept you poor, and made you miserable, and so it will do to the end if you continue to drink." Try teetotalism, and there will soon be a happy change. I have tried it now for nearly twelve years, and I can say it is good for both body and soul, for this life, and the life to come." Excited by his own words, Bill held out his hand to his shopmate, and said, "Come, old fellow, be a man and not a walking beer-barrel. Try teetotalism for one year, and if at the end of one year you are not better in every way, I'll buy Jane a new dress, so anyway she'll be the better for it." After a moment's hesitation, Jim put his hand into the outstretched hand of his friend, and said, "God helping me, I will."

That week, he had a hard struggle, for habit, appetite, and companions were all against him. Bill, however, cheered him on, and more than once, when he saw by his dejected look, that he was in danger of yielding, he whispered, "Don't forget that God will help us if we ask Him." In a few weeks everything brightened. His companions, seeing his fidelity, ceased to tease or tempt him; the habit which had bound him so long was broken, the appetite subdued. Not many weeks passed before Jane was gladdened by the sight of a new dress for herself, and another for the eldest girl. As the little one sprang on his knee, to thank him, Jim said, with deep feeling, "Jane, God being my helper from this day we'll wear our own clothes first."

Reader, have you made this resolution? If not, why not? We talk about trade being bad, but what makes it bad? The true answer is, because there are so many people who don't wear their own clothes first.

If every workingman, yes, half the working men of Great Britain, were to order a new suit of clothes for themselves and their families, there would be an end of the bad trade at once. We should then be nearly independent of foreign trade; every mill would then be running full time, and every man would be fully employed. If, however, the working men, instead of consuming the articles which they produce, take their earnings to the publican and spirit merchant, the bad times will not only continue, but will get worse. The whole matter is in their own hands. The workingmen can help to cure these wherever they choose, and no other class can. The rich and the middle class do all they can to make trade good; as a rule, they spend their money freely: they and their families have more garments than they can wear, and more furniture than they can use, but they are in the minority, they are the few, and the workingmen the many. There are at least a thousand working men to one rich one. Let the thousand come into the market and buy their own clothes first, they would at once create a brisk demand for goods, and our commercial clouds would all roll away.

The workingmen have to choose between the public-house, with poverty and bad times, and total abstinence, with full work and prosperity. There is no middle course—every man must decide for himself. Let the working men continue to support the public-house, and there is nothing before us but bad trade and national disaster; let them forsake the public-house, and resolve to wear their own clothes first, and there lies before us universal good trade and national prosperity.—*Monthly Pictorial Tracts.*

CURES FOR DRUNKENNESS.

(From N. Y. Witness.)

Three recipes, sent in answer to requests through the *Witness*, are published in the Home Department as cures for intemperance, being intended to allay the craving of the drunkard's appetite; or, in other words, to alleviate the physical diseases of stomach and brain, produced by the use of alcoholic drinks. They will also help that powerful agency of recovery the imagination, by inducing the patient to struggle hopefully against temptation. Two things are, however, always to be remembered in this connection. First, that faith in God's help, in answer to prayer, is the most powerful means of reformation; and second, that total abstinence from all that can intoxicate is an essential condition of cure. No medicaments or prayers will avail if the inebriate continues to tamper with strong drink. We may add that this disease of stomach and brain, when once contracted, is never wholly cured; it is only latent, and ready to start into full activity again at any time through the slightest taste of intoxicating liquor. How very important then to avoid contracting this terrible disorder!

In perusing your excellent paper my eye fell upon "A remedy wanted as a cure for strong drink." I will try and help the individual in question if he or she will follow my advice:

REMEDY.

Thompson's Composition Powder.—Bayberry bark, 2 lbs.; hemlock bark, 1 lb.; cayennne pepper, 2 oz; cloves, 2 oz.—all finely pulverized and well mixed. Dose, take one-half teaspoonful of this mixture and a teaspoonful of sugar; put them into a tea cup and pour it half full of boiling water; let it stand a few minutes and fill the cup with milk, and drink freely; if no milk is to be obtained fill up the cup with hot water. Let those who are accustomed to the excessive use of ardent spirits, and who wish to stop the practice, have a cup of this tea made, as above directed, and drink a part of it immediately on rising in the morning, and the balance just before meal time, keeping entirely away from the places of temptation. They will find a warm, healthy glow spreading from the stomach over the whole system, with a desire for food. Instead of "rot gut" follow this up faithfully two or three times daily, or whenever the craving begins for the accustomed stimulus, for a few days, or weeks, if necessary. SUBSCRIBER.

CLEVELAND, O.

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

DEAR SIR,—A few weeks since there was a request in the Home Department of your paper for a remedy for the desire or taste for liquors. I have known *nux vomica* to be effective. One drop of the tincture to a tumbler of water; stir thoroughly, and give one teaspoonful morning and evening. I also saw it stated on the authority of an English scientist, that a vegetable diet was a cure for drunkenness; that he had known of a man who had been a drunkard for many years being cured of his desire for liquor by avoiding animal food. K. Y.

PLAINFIELD CENTRE, Jan. 1, 1878.

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

I saw in your last paper an article asking for a cure for strong drink. I have had a receipt for sometime, and, hoping it will be of some use, I send it to you. The receipt comes with authority through the efforts of John Vino Hall, father of the commander of the "Great Eastern" steamship. He had fallen into such habitual drunkenness that his most earnest efforts to reclaim himself proved unavailing. At length he sought the advice of an eminent physician, who gave him a prescription, which he followed faithfully for seven months, and at the end of that time had lost his desire for liquor. The receipt is as follows; Sulphate of iron, 5 grains; magnesia, 10 grains; peppermint water, 11 drachms; spirits of nutmeg, 1 drachm. Take twice a day.

This preparation acts as a tonic and stimulant, and so partially supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows from a sudden breaking off from the use of stimulating drinks. E. F.

HORRID PICTURE.—The following startling statistics are copied from the New York *Medical Journal*. Read pause and think:—

For the last ten years the use of spirits has,

1. Imposed upon the nation a direct expense of six hundred millions.

2. Has caused an indirect expense of seven hundred millions.

3. Has destroyed three hundred thousand lives.

4. Has sent one hundred thousand children to the poor-house.

5. Has committed at least one hundred and fifty thousand people to prisons and workhouses.

6. Has determined at least one thousand suicides.

7. Has caused the loss by fire or by violence of at least ten millions worth of property.

8. Has made two hundred thousand widows and one million orphans.

ONE WAY TO COUNTERACT TEMPTATION.—A well-known literary lady of New York suggests as a practical charity the providing of a series of "Dime Concerts" by the best singers for the poorer classes. She says very truly, that they have no amusements which are not debasing, and often they go to the drinking-saloons and even worse places, to escape out of bleak and wretched homes that are unworthy the name. So long as they are at work, they are out of temptation. But when their work is done they are too weary to read, and want to be entertained; and then they yield to the allurements of gin-shops. This is too painfully true of young men, of whom there are thousands who have no home influence to hold steadily up to duty. Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, a lady well known for her philanthropic spirit and deeds, made virtually the same suggestion a few weeks since. She urged that more should be done to keep people from falling into vicious ways and becoming depraved. She suggested the giving of "popular lectures" on subjects directly connected with the art of life, and "illustrated lectures" which would interest young people and the uneducated; and she raised the question whether the churches could not do more for the unchurched masses by having services, sociables, lectures, and simple entertainments of different kinds, to interest them, and thus draw them away from questionable resorts and the vices which are so destructive to morals and manhood. The subject is worth thinking of. It is estimated that from one-third to one-half of our American people are outside of all direct Christian influence, and seldom, if ever, attend church services. It is from this class, which is growing with almost alarming rapidity, that most of the vicious, the depraved, the criminal people of the community come, especially in the large cities. How to save them is the most pressing question we have to consider. It is of unspeakable importance to keep them out of evil and give them a start in the right direction.—*Evangelist.*

A PAINFUL SCENE IN A COURT ROOM.—Charles F. Fredericks, night distribution clerk in the Newark, N. J., post-office, who was detected in stealing letters, was brought before commissioner Whitehead in Newark, on the 13th inst. The father of Fredericks, who is more than seventy years of age, came in and was led to the chair where the prisoner was seated. For a moment he stood trembling before him, and then resting his hands on the shoulders of his son, cried, "Oh, Charles, Charles! you have, you have. Your mother is gone, but before she died she said you would some time break my heart." When the wife and child of the accused man entered the room, the wife regardless of those present, threw herself into his arms and cried, "Charlie, have you done this? And have we been living upon those thefts?" "This was the first time," was the answer. The next moment his almost frenzied wife was on her knees before the Commissioner, and cried out in an agony of grief, "Kill me, murder me! do what you will, but let me have my Charlie." She was hardly conscious when taken from the room. Examination was waived, and Fredericks committed, in the default of $5,000 bail, to the Essex County Jail. The prisoner has been employed in the Newark post-office for seven years, and was connected with several Masonic organizations and has previously had an excellent reputation.—*N. Y. Witness.*

—If I were asked what or where is my solution of the Public Health problem, my cure for the degradation of civilized life which is now at its fearful zenith, my cure for—connected with several Masonic organizations and has previously had an excellent reputation.—*N. Y. Witness.*

—If I were asked what or where is my solution of the Public Health problem, my cure for the degradation of civilized life which is now at its fearful zenith, my cure for—I do not think it profitable to consider that problem, I too should say with others, nowhere but in education can it be found. But then I should propose to define education, not the teaching the little children of the poor to read and write imperfectly, combined in the case of a few clever ones with a "laborious insaquaintance" with geography and English grammar; nor even the technical teaching now so much in vogue, which is to teach men trades, make them better instruments of production, and enable us to hold our own in the European struggle for commercial existence; nor even that *creme de la creme* of university culture, the capacity for writing mediocre verses in a dead language. Of all these things I would speak with the varying measure of respect which belongs to them; but for the purpose before us, namely, the purpose of securing the healthful life of a nation, I would define education as the effort to place before children, men and women, whether rich or poor, the highest ideal that we can frame to ourselves of human life.—*J. H. Bridges, in Fortnightly Review.*

—Physicians are well agreed that the use of tobacco by growing boys is full of danger. Recent investigations—especially in France—have demonstrated that a whole train of nervous diseases are to be traced to this practice. If you want to stop growing, if you want to have a set of nerves that are like those of an invalid old lady, if you wish to grow feeble and thin, if you wish to look sallow and puny—I do not know any better way than to smoke tobacco. It will make a drain on your nervous system which will be sure to tell after awhile. Let us hope that if a thousand boys read this, some of them will be saved from forming a filthy habit which most men regret.

—The Commissioners of Excise of New York City state that over 2,000 liquors shops have been obliged to close their doors the past year, on account of hard times, and many more have "To Let" posted upon their premises.

Agricultural Department.

POULTRY-KEEPING BY BOYS.

It is one of the most promising indications of character when boys show a disposition to earn something. This desire to hold something in fee simple is the very opposite of *trampism*. Among boys, the enjoyment of owning, buying, and selling is very keen, and is often gratified in the getting of knives, old watches and trinkets, and making exchanges with each other. Who does not remember the wonderful bicker and trade of his boyhood?

It was only the beginning of a development or, rather, a self-education. This matter should not be permitted to go without some guidance. Parents and guardians should take an interest in it; not exercising a meddling interference, but inspiring confidence, so as to be able to co-operate, plan, and watch the result.

Now comes a scheme that is just right. How can we teach a boy business habits better, than by giving him an opportunity to "run" a hennery? The accounts must be accurately kept; there must be buying and selling; there must be bartering: there ought to be *profit!* A miniature *business* springs up. Inasmuch as it is *real*, why is it not as good as a business college? It may be better; for it may prevent spending time in the streets or away from home, perhaps among questionable companions. A love of home is fostered by the ownership of flowers, small fruits, and poultry. A fondness for the finest things produced by our climate—to cultivate them, if belonging to the animal—is not only a source of keen enjoyment, but indicates good traits and a certain elevation of character above that which is brutish. Young people should be deftly guided, step by step, through pleasant paths, with here and there a little job of earnest work, made easy by social frolic and recreation, which come after in their proper place. With a little encouragement, boys may become quite familiar with the points of excellence in high-class poultry, pigeons, and other pets, and learn the best methods of breeding and management.

They may learn when and where to purchase supplies to the best advantage, and how to sell the surplus products, so as to give the most profit with the least expense. A pleasant self-reliance and good business habits may be growing, and at the same time a love for Nature, for refinement and humanity.—*The Poultry World.*

SMALL THINGS.

A farmer, more than any one else, should drive his work, and never allow the work to drive him. If a farmer's mind is made up in advance as to what crops shall be grown on each piece of land; if his calculations are made as to the manure on hand and to be bought, so that it may be distributed where it will do the utmost good; and if ample allowance is made for rainy, bad weather, a memorandum may be taken of about the time to start the work, as well as the time required to do each part of it. Then the work may be done with so much of system that the farmer may be able to gain something on his calculations, and be more or less ahead of his work at all times. By this method too much will never be undertaken, and the undertaking of too much is a serious drawback to many a farmer's prosperity. Go where we will, all over the country, we shall see too frequent evidence of the lack of systematic calculation in farm life. Here, a frame for a building that has never been covered; there, the material for a fence rotting on the ground, for want of energy or time to build it; and almost everywhere unmistakable evidence of work laid out haphazard and left unfinished. In the season after work has been begun and needs doing, then is the time to look well after odd minutes, the little things in a farmer's life, as if each one were dollars. Now, when work is not pressing, is a good time to think the matter over and make a definite plan to follow. If you would be thrifty and forehanded, take care of the minutes, which if wasted are of small account to any one, but if used judiciously may be gathered together into golden hours of profit. It is wisely ordered that we can neither sow nor reap without trouble; but the greatest of all trouble must be nothing to do. It is only the lazy ne'er-do-well who carelessly glides along, taking his comfort, as he calls it, at every possible opportunity, with no plan to guide him and no future to beckon him on. He spends all odd moments in shiftless idleness, unmindful of little duties, until driven by necessity to give them immediate attention. Then the minutes that would have been sufficient here and there have grown to hours, that have to be used at the expense of more important work. A stitch in time saves nine as well for the farmer as for the farmer's wife; and so the little things, though they seem petty and trivial in themselves, if left to congregate, will surely prove a loss. There are very many things in doing which odd moments may be employed, greatly to the increase of the farmer's profit. Here is a gate broken, and the first odd moment will make it whole again; there a stray board has fallen from some barn or outbuilding, and nailed back to its place again at the first odd moment will keep the building in repair; and even the nails may be kept from rusting and their time of holding fast doubled if an odd moment is taken to heat them and drop them in oil while hot. Too many a farmer has no other fastening to his barn-door than a rock rolled against it, when a few odd moments would make a durable and convenient bolt or latch. It is well known by every farmer that pastures yield more feed and of a better quality if they are kept clear and free from brush, and odd moments, of which there are a plenty between the harvesting of the grain and corn crops, may be well employed in using the briar-scythe or grubbing-hoe for this purpose. Rainy days are odd moments on a larger scale, and they may be so well employed that when the sun shines every hour may be given to out-door work and nothing be hurried or neglected. In short, if all the odd moments are accounted for in looking after everything that needs attention, it will be found to add greatly to the farmer's comfort, as well as to his gains. It is to the careful, systematic farmer, who uses both hand and head, finding something to do in rain or shine, winter or summer, and employing all spare moments to his own advantage, that the greatest profit comes at the end of the year. We do not mean by this all work and no play, for a day given to pleasure now and then will help to make life more enjoyable; but the more careful and systematic the man the easier it will be for him to gain the time for proper amusement, and, if a careful plan for every season is made and adhered to, many if not all things will be found to work together for the farmer's good.—*N. Y. Independent.*

VALUE OF A BARN CELLAR.

Not long ago one of our best and most thoughtful young farmers gave us an account of his method of making fertilizing material upon his own farm, which is well worth repeating here in brief. He said that before he built a new barn under which is a barn cellar, he made about fifty ordinary ox cart loads of manure in a year. And he was not wasteful in the matter, but practiced the best economy with the means at his command. A year or two since he built a new barn, having a manure receptacle in the basement, and with just about the same amount of stock, he last spring hauled from his cellar one hundred and fifty loads of manure, or about seventy-five cords, used on the cultivated crops; and last fall "scraped up" about the cellar thirty-nine loads, which was hauled to the fields, where it will be wanted early in spring. This, it is true, was not done without close attention and some extra work—but why should not the farmer give close attention and put out some extra work on the details of his business whereby money may be saved? The merchant looks out that the cents and dimes do not constantly waste and leak out from his money drawer—but the washings and leachings and exposure of the voidings of farm animals, carries right out of the farmer's pocket, not dimes but dollars—dollars worth of plant food which he cannot afford to lose. In the instances above referred to, muck and roadside scrapings were used as absorbents, the kitchen and house slops were all saved, the piggery deposits were attended to—the whole forming a compost of rich fertilizing material. During the summer the cattle were housed every night that their voidings might be composted with muck, and every part of both solid and liquid prevented from going to waste. This is the way to farm economically; this is the method all should adopt in order to keep up the fertility of their farms and avoid the heavy expenses consequent upon purchasing commercial manures. In short, one of the chief things in the farmer's business should be the business of making and saving the home fertilizers.—*Maine Farmer.*

THE DAIRY TRADE.

Mr. J. H. Reall, a leading butter and cheese dealer of New York, gave an address before the American Dairymen's Association on the past, present and future of the butter and cheese trade. It was quite hopeful in tone as to the future of the dairy business in this country, but reflected severely upon the course of many of the cheese-makers, especially of Ohio, in that they had lowered the standard of quality of their cheese for the sake of a little temporary gain, by resorting to skimming the milk so generally for butter, then making a second-rate cheese, not suited for the foreign markets, and at the same time discouraging home consumption. He urged the cheese-makers to skim less, or none at all, and also to use all the best appliances and knowledge for the purpose of improving the quality of their cheese. He said there was a gradual increase of the foreign demand for good cheese, and he was sure the home consumption would also increase if a good and wholesome article was generally furnished. He said: "If consumers of all classes understood that cheese at any price under double the cost of meat, was a third the cheaper while much more wholesome and nutritious, treble the quantity would be used in this country. Unfortunately, through avarice, we have always given the most inferior cheese we produce to the home trade, going so far as to practice this short-sighted policy with the very people who furnish milk from which the cheese is made—hence it is only from sheer compulsion that our own nation eat any cheese at all. If we gave them the best, by the way, the foreign consumer gets as cheaply as our own people do the rejections, we should soon have such a demand for cheese in America, that we should not depend so largely upon the foreign trade for a market. Our people like fine, full-cream cheese as well as do our English cousins, and they should no longer be put off with skimmed and half skimmed goods."—*N. Y. Observer.*

Our Birds—Legislation Needed.—Entomologists, those versed in knowledge of insects, assure us that there are thirty-nine different species of insects that prey upon corn, sixty-one kinds that attack and devour wheat, rye and oats, twenty-eight that prey upon the potato, thirty-eight different kinds that attack fruit and fruit trees, and sixty-four kinds that prey upon and destroy garden vegetables. These countless hordes of insects swarm in the air and burrow in the earth, too small to be seen, too offensive to be touched, and too winged to be caught by man. Their increasing numbers and depredations threaten to deprive us of the luxuries of the garden and the fruit tree. The birds are their natural enemies, and our only protection. But it is seen everywhere that the murderous propensities of boys and the sure aim of the heartless sportsmen are rapidly destroying these birds, and there goes up from the hearts alike of the merciful and the selfish, one earnest, strong prayer for legislation that shall stop this cowardly and ruinous slaughter. We demand legislation that will prohibit the taking or destruction of insectiverous birds; that will prohibit the taking or killing of grain-feeding birds between March 1 and September 15; to forbid the use of nets or snares for the capture of birds; to prohibit the taking of eggs or young of birds, or the molestation of their nests, and to prohibit the exposure for sale of any insectiverous birds, dead or alive. Will not our legislators give their protection to these helpful workers, yet things of beauty and flitting fragments of the rainbow, flooding with melody our homes, lawns, and groves?—*J. Orville Taylor, in New Brunswick Fredonian.*

Farmyard Manure.— It has been ascertained that farmyard manure does not lose as much by simple exposure to air, heat, and light as has heretofore been imagined. The deterioration of badly-exposed manure-heaps is due principally to losses by drainage. It has been found, through careful experiment, that 100 loads of manure exposed to the weather were reduced at the end of 81 days to 73.3 loads, at the end of 285 days to 64.4 loads, 384 days to 62.5 loads, while at the end of 499 days the original 100 loads were reduced to 47.2 loads, sustaining a loss of 52.8 loads. The dark-colored liquid made by the wash of the rain, and which was found to be the principal loss, was very rich in nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and potash, and these constitute the most valuable portion of the manure, what was left being mainly carbonaceous matter and poor in all the elements of fertility.

— In many dairy districts calves are killed when only a few hours old, in order to save the milk they would require if raised. Except the small amount received for the skin, this brings nothing to the owner. Calves will grow almost as well upon hay-tea, with a little skimmed milk, as upon fresh new milk. Fifty years ago Sir James Stewart Denham, of Scotland, experimented in raising calves with hay-tea. These calves were taken from their mothers when only three days old and fed with the following liquid: Two pounds of hay were steeped in twenty quarts of water, and then boiled down one half, and to this was added a quart of skimmed milk. In some instances molasses was added also, to give sweetness. And the calves not only thrived upon this diet, but preferred it to fresh milk.

Ye Thistle, Avant.—A Maryland farmer thinks he has found a "sure cure" for Canada thistles. It consists in sowing the land infested by them with buckwheat early in the spring, allowing it to grow till it is in full blossom, turning it under and again reseeding with the same grain. The last crop is harvested when ripe.

DOMESTIC.

A BIT OF MARRIED EXPERIENCE.

I married my wife about thirty-five years ago. The ceremony was performed about seven o'clock in the morning. Before retiring that evening we had a good talk with each other, and the result has sweetened our entire lives. We agreed that each should always be watchful and careful never, by word or act, to hurt the feelings of the other. We were both young, both hot-tempered, both positive in our likes and dislikes, and both somewhat exacting and inflexible—just the material for a life of conjugal warfare. Well, for a few years, we found it hard work to always live by our agreement. Occasionally (not often) a word or look would slip off the tongue or face before it could be caught or suppressed; but we never allowed "the sun to go down upon our wrath." Before retiring at night, on such occasions, there was always confession and forgiveness, and the culprit would become more careful in future.

Our tempers and dispositions became gradually more congenial, so that after a few years we came to be *one* in reality, as the marital ceremony had pronounced us nominally. In thinking back we find that for more than twenty years our little agreement has been unbroken and there has been no occasion for confession and forgiveness. In business we have had adversity and prosperity, failure and success. We raised a family of children, and now have our grandchildren about us; and we are simple enough to believe that we have better children, and better grandchildren, because of our little agreement. Under such a contract religiously kept, no ill-natured children will be reared, and no boys will find the streets and bar-rooms more pleasant than home. To make a good wife or a good husband, requires the co-operation of both.—*The Morning.*

Deformed Babies.—The beautiful ideal of the fond mother often seems to be a fat baby, or one of an unnatural superabundance of one form of waste and impure matter, as all fat must be regarded. Now, let it be understood that excessive fatness, as well as leanness, are both indications of disease, the one as much as the other. Leanness generally results from a deficient nourishment, from one cause or another, often caused by some form of disease calculated to prevent the proper action of some or all of the organs of digestion; while the fatness of the brutes and of human beings will result from indolence, too little escape of the waste and poisonous matters of the body, or from the use of too much of the fattening nourishment, more than the system can possibly appropriate. In both of these conditions the system is deranged, not acting in a natural way, not doing its natural work, and of course is diseased. Such a fat baby, with unnaturally full cheeks, its eyes almost surrounded or covered with fat, its body cumbrous and its limbs enormously enlarged, is really a monstrosity, a malformation, a deformed child, filled with the germs of disease, germs waiting only for some irritating cause to develop them into activivity. The more usual forms of disease will be inflammation of the throat and lungs, croup, diphtheria, malignant sore throat, derangement of the digestive organs, cholera infantum, etc. And here it may be remarked that the too free use of oily substances, the sweets, and such starchy food as fine flour, corn starch, tapioca, sago, with pastry promotes this excessive fat, especially when too much sleep and ease are indulged in, with the free use of drink, which tends to bloat. These fat babies are not only uncomfortable, a burden to themselves, but too heavy for the care of the mother, especially if as delicate as most are in civilized life.—*Exchange.*

Things Worth Knowing.—What neat housekeeper is not annoyed when she sees on the spotless woodwork of her doors or windows those long dark scratches which reveal that some one has tried to light a match by drawing it across the paint? Now this is sometimes our experience, for servants will be forgetful or careless, and the tell-tale scratches greet our eyes in most unlooked-for quarters. But we have found a remedy for the marks, which, as every one knows, quite defy soap and water. Cut a sour orange or lemon in half, apply the cut half to the marks, rubbing for a moment quite hard; then wash off with a clean rag, dipped first in water to moisten it, and then in whiting. Rub well with this rag, dry thoroughly, and nine times out of ten the ugly marks will vanish. Of course, sometimes they are burned in so deeply that they cannot be quite eradicated. All finger marks on painted walls, etc., should be rubbed off with a little damp whiting in the same way, and never washed with soap-suds, which destroys the paint.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

RAG AND TAG.

BY MRS. EDMUND WHITTAKER,

(Author of "Hilda and Hildebrand," "The Return from India," "Little Nellie," &c.)

CHAPTER IV.—*Continued.*

All of a sudden—the children having been intently gazing at the east window, an old and very beautiful one, all filled in with dark blue and purple glass, its subject "Our Saviour blessing the little children"—the great organ in the gallery far behind them sent its first notes swelling and streaming through the church; and as the beautiful chords rose and fell, echoing and vibrating throughout the building, and away softly and slowly, the clergyman entered the reading-desk. Rag and Tag felt as if their hearts would never stop beating, and as if the sound they made must be heard by all the little boys and girls and people close by.

Of course they looked about a good deal during the service, it was all so strange to them; but on the whole they behaved very well, and John and his wife were quite satisfied. When it came to the sermon they listened very attentively, for Mr. and Mrs. Burton had promised them a penny apiece if they could find out the text in the large Bible when they got home. The verse the clergyman chose was, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends;" and as he spoke of the love of Jesus, so exceeding and so great, in dying not only for His friends, but for those that hated Him, willing to suffer that cruel death that the smile of God might again rest on the work of His own hands, the beings he had made, who in their blindness and hardness of heart had wandered so far from him in the darkness and wickedness of sin that it was only His own strong arm that could bring salvation—and went on to say how the Lord Jesus rejoiced when a wanderer was brought home and a heart trusted in Him, and how the angels rejoiced when they saw the joy of their Lord over a repentant sinner—and spoke of the joys of heaven, of its pathways of gold, of its service of love, of its freedom from sin, of being for ever with the Lord—how none would be cast out who came to God through Jesus, and how all might come that very moment, even the youngest child within the sound of his voice, and claiming God's promises become His own true servant living and dying for Him, Rag and Tag felt as if they must jump up and say they wanted to belong to Him. Love can break the stoniest heart, and this wonderful story—only quite lately heard and so little understood by these poor little waifs and strays, now told them so earnestly and powerfully in all its simplicity and beauty—was brought home to their empty, thirsting hearts, as God's Spirit alone can bring it; and although very dark and ignorant, their earnest longing was to know more about Jesus and His love, and to really and truly become a "gooder boy and gel."

By the time the sermon was over, large tears were rolling down Rag's still pale cheeks; whilst Tag kept brushing his away with two fingers, at the same time opening his eyes very widely to make believe he was not crying at all.

The verger in the black gown, who had repressed Rag's rising merriment so effectually at the beginning of the service, was standing at the doorway through which they must pass on leaving the church; and as Rag passed him, pushed gently along by Mrs. Burton, who herself was being rather pushed by those behind her, he, to the little girl's great surprise and some alarm, laid his hand upon her shoulder and drew her to his side.

"Please, please, sir," said poor Rag, in a loud whisper, almost ready to burst out crying, "I didn't laugh much, only a very, very little, an' I stopped d'rectly I see'd you looking so hard at me."

"Hush, child, hush," he whispered gently; "don't talk now—just wait a moment. I want to speak to this little girl, Mrs. Burton," he added nodding in a friendly way to her and John; "and to the boy too. Just stand on one side for a minute; I have a word to say to you all. Will you wait till I am rid of my gown and have seen the clergyman in the vestry, and then I'll be with you? Or if you would rather go home I can follow—only it will take me a bit out of the way, and I must be home to my little sick girl."

"All right, Mr. Stubbins, sir," said John. "My missis and I and the young ones can wait."

By this time Rag had got hold of Tag's hand, and pulled him to a little distance from John and his wife.

"Tag, Tag, I know him now; it's the man as sent me for the orangers for his lill' sick gel, and he'll be down upon me for those pennies—but I've got them in my pocket; I've kept them there ever since. He won't tell them what bad uns we've been an' take us from them, will he, an' we have to go back to 'the dreadfuls'?—an' me just wantin' to be a betterer gel. O, Tag, I wishes now as we had niver com'd to church."

"My wee lass, why?"—and John, who had just overheard the last remark, took her little cold, trembling hand in his.

"It's just this, master," said Tag, trying to speak bravely, but with a very quavering sound in his voice. "That man knows somethin' about us which looks bad, but which ain't really bad, and Rag is so afeard of going back to those 'dreadfuls,' and—and so am I;" here the boy's voice failed him.

John looked at his wife and she at him in dismay—they could not make it out at all, when up came Mr. Stubbins to solve the difficulty.

"I tell you what, Mrs. Burton, I have sent word home to my little girl to get her supper to-night without me, for I am anxious to have a word or two with you, and it's cold standing here, and you will let me have my meal with you instead; it won't be the first time by a long way that I have supped with you."

"And I hope it may not be the last, I'm sure that I do," added hospitable Mrs. Burton.

Just as Mr. Stubbins and John were walking off together, leaving Mrs. Burton and the children to follow, Rag darted up to him, and putting a little piece of dirty paper in his hand, in which were wrapped the two pennies he had given her, exclaimed eagerly,

"There they are, sir. I've kept them iver since; an' Tag an' I did mean to try and get the orangers yet for your lill' gel, we did, indeed, but we've niver had the 'pertunity."

The verger turned round; then taking the pennies from the poor trembling little child, he smiled a kind, gentle smile upon her, and walked on.

"He's got his pence now—that's off our minds; ain't you glad just?" asked Rag, with a deep sigh of relief.

Tag nodded. "But how about 'the dreadfuls' money, and the old genelman's big shilling, and the shawl and the jacket we took?" he asked.

"Oh, well I wouldn't trouble our heads about the likes of 'the dreadfuls'!" and Rag gave her chin a little chuck upwards. "They niver belonged to them, that I'm sartain sure of."

"They niver belonged to us, that's sartain surer," answered Tag.

"Well"—and Rag glanced complacently down at her neat dress, and then at her brother's—"we'd be no ways pleased to wear such odd-fitting things any more. But for all that, after all our hard work and hard blows, an' scrimping an' scraping for them two horrible 'dreadfuls,' we've the most rights to them."

"I'm not so sure that Him as we have been hearing about to-day would say we're right," said Tag, slowly. "You see, Rag, there were many worse 'dread-

THE MACKAY INSTITUTION FOR PROTESTANT DEAF-MUTES.

fuls' than ours ill-using Him, an' He bored it all, an' loved them though they killed Him."

Rag was silent for a moment; then with flashing eyes exclaimed, "Let 'em have their old clothes; but we can't love 'em—niver!"

By this time they were almost at the door of their new home; and John, and his wife, and the verger all turned round, startled at hearing Rag's voice so high.

"If that's all the good you get, Rag, from going to church, I shan't be inclined to take you another night;" and Mrs. Burton looked really vexed. She had a sort of half fear that the verger was not impressed favorably with Rag, and it made her feel disappointed and vexed. "Be quick now, there's a good girl, and get our supper ready, and let Mr. Stubbins see what a handy little maid you have become." This was said in her usual cheerful tone, for the good woman's kind heart was touched at the sight of the child's troubled face.

Whilst Rag and Tag were helping to get the supper ready, Mr. Stubbins and John, in spite of the cold night air, walked together up and down the small piece of pavement in front of the house. At last they came in, and when supper was ready, seated themselves at the table. After grace had been said and the meal begun, John, laying a hand on each child's head, as they sat one on either side of him, said, in his very kindest voice, "Children, Mr. Stubbins has told me all about you——"

"All that I know," interrupted the verger.

John nodded his head. "And I am more pleased than I can say to find that all you have told us about your former lives is true, and that you have not at all made the most of all you had to suffer from the 'dreadfuls'——"

"That is to say, judging from the character I have heard of these men, I should imagine not," interrupted Mr. Stubbins again, rather severely. "But boys and girls don't always keep exactly to the truth; for instance, about the oranges," and he looked at Rag "Although you have given me back my money, one penny for the orange you promised to get, and the other for your trouble, which is quite just, as you never executed your commission, yet I should like to know why, after your promise, you failed to fulfil it."

Rag explained to the verger's entire satisfaction, but ended by begging him to let her "still get the orangers for his sick gel, and there should be no mistake this time."

"Well, my dear, you shall, if Mr. Burton will allow you both to come and have tea with me and my little girl some night, and you shall bring her the oranges then. Here are the two pennies again—I will trust you."

Rag's eyes sparkled with delight as she took the offered pence, and looked at John and Mrs. Burton to see what they would say about the invitation to tea.

"Yes, they shall go, and willingly. John knows the way to your house, and he will take them some night next week," said Mrs. Burton; "for I'm more pleased than I can say to hear from Mr. Stubbins that your story is quite true, my children. I did not doubt it, my poor dears; still it's a satisfaction to know you've been more sinned against than sinning."

That last was a long sentence, and the children did not understand it; they knew it was kindly meant, however, and that was all they cared about.

"An't you glad to go and take tea with that genelman, Tag, an' see his little gel, an' for me to have the 'pertunity of getting her the orangers?" asked Rag, in a low voice, of her brother; but Tag spoke never a word. "What is it, Taggie?" she whispered again. "Art thee angry with me?"

"How about the clothes we've tooked an' 'the dreadfuls'? S'pose they run after us an' catch us when we get near their street, an' take us again, an' never let us out of their cellar any more forever?"

Rag stared at Tag: this was a possibility that had not occurred to her, and it seemed a very probable one—so probable that the bare idea filled her poor little heart with such dread she felt almost sick with fear.

"Don't be whispering there, children," observed John, rather sharply. "What's the matter? If there's anything wrong, out with it at once. Why don't you want to go and take tea with Mr. Stubbins? You need not deny it; I can see by your face, Tag, just as I can when you are in fault at the warehouse, that there's something in the back-ground—out with it, like a man. You know we are your frinds here, and perhaps it is something we can set right for you."

(To be Continued.)

TEACHING DEAF MUTES THE SIGNIFICATION OF WORDS

THE HOME OF THE SILENT.

When the Governor-General, Lord Dufferin, was in Montreal in February last, he paid a visit to the Mackay Institution for the Protestant Deaf-Mutes, a picture of which, drawn and engraved by a deaf-mute employed in the WITNESS Office, is here presented. On that day the building was opened and the road leading to it was a busy scene, all the afternoon it being crowded with foot passengers and vehicles, the latter for the most part occupied by ladies. It was more like a holiday than a vice-regal celebration, the houses on both sides of the way from the neat little cottage to the portly mansion being covered with flags and banners. In front of the Institute there were evergreen arches, and inside, the rooms were decorated with evergreens, Scripture texts, and the earnest, anxious faces of the poor unhearing and speechless ones whom the building was erected to accommodate, their friends and other visitors.

On the arrival of the Governor-General and Lady Dufferin addresses were read, one being by a former pupil, a compositor in the WITNESS, who, although deaf and dumb, through constant practice can now make his words understood.

The Governor-General replied, when a very pretty little deaf and dumb girl, Jessie Macfarlane, presented a beautiful bouquet to the Countess of Dufferin, who smiling, gracefully stooped down to receive it. And then A. L. McLellan, of Campbellford, Ont., and his brother, both of whom, although deaf and dumb, are successful lawyers, contributed to the enjoyment of all by leading the scholars in a kind of improvised dance. The very little ones, noticing how their elders were doing, after a little would follow their example and dance around and around the room in singles and in pairs. A very happy company they were indeed. The Governor-General then looked through the building and took his departure, after expressing his great pleasure at what he had seen and heard. Immediately after this a copy of the DAILY WITNESS containing an account of everything which had been done, even to an hour before, was handed around, and the speed with which the events recorded had been written, printed and despatched to the building, three miles away, you may believe caused general wonder. The little girl Jessie Macfarlane was shown her name in print, and clapped her hands with glee, well pleased at the part she had taken in the opening of the institution. Then there was a dinner, and the guests departed. This was the sorrowful part of the proceedings. Fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers, embraced and separated in tears. But this account must not close without referring to Mr. Joseph Mackay whose princely gift is this magnificent building, capable of holding eighty pupils and their teachers and the land it is on.

The second picture is one of the school-room of the old building used before the present one, and shows the scholars being taught a lesson on the meaning of words by the Principal, Mr. Wild.

The Family Circle.

[For the MESSENGER.

THE BUTTERFLY CHASE.

BY M. CAMERON.

With hat in hand, a schoolboy rushed
O'er rocky heath and bramble;
His eye intent, his face all flushed,
He heeds not many a tumble;
But up again with eager haste
His headlong race renewing,
This one idea filled his breast,
A butterfly pursuing:
"If I can catch him, he is mine,
His velvet coat so sooty,
His dainty form, his eyes so fine;
Oh, isn't he a beauty!"

Years flew apace; I saw the man
(Men are but boys grown older)
Pursuing life's maturer plan,
With firmer step and bolder:
But ever just beyond his reach
His brightest hopes were flying,
As if this lesson they would teach,
"Life is made up of trying;
And those who grasp earth's fairest prize
With bosom all enraptured,
Too late, alas! find butterflies
Are worthless when they're captured."

Springford, Ont.

OVER IN A MINUTE.

Kitty had constructed a new swing for her doll's entertainment; but it proved unsatisfactory, for that wooden lady slipped from her perch and landed with considerable violence upon the table, overturning an inkstand upon a picture Walter was copying. In an instant Walter sprang to his feet, snatched up the doll, and threw it into the fire, and marched out of the room, leaving Kitty in tears and the table in confusion.

In half an hour he returned, gay and sunny as ever, bringing a handsome doll to replace Kitty's loss. She was easily comforted, and was more sure than ever that Walter was the best brother in the world.

"If a fellow is quick-tempered, why, he is; I suppose that's all there is of it," said Walter, more carelessly than penitently. "I do get angry in a jiff, but it's all over in a minute or two."

"Are you sure of that?" asked his grandfather gravely.

"Oh, yes. I'm not one of the sort to go sulking about over anything. I flash up quick enough, but I never bear malice."

"But the consequences—can you be sure that they are 'all over in a minute or two?' I never hear any one speak carelessly of that fault without recalling one scene in my own boyhood. I was quick-tempered too, Walter, and as you say, quick over it—flying into a rage one minute, and ready to laugh at my own tempest of passion the next. I held a high place in my classes, and one day had spoken rather boastingly of my position and how long I had kept it; but that very afternoon, through some carelessness, I failed, and gave an answer so absurd that it was received with a burst of laughter. Mortified by my blunder, vexed at having lost my place, I passed an uncomfortable afternoon; and when school closed, I walked out moodily, inclined to speak to no one and pretending to be busily whittling.

"'Here comes the infallible! Here's the fellow that never misses!' called the teasing voice of a schoolmate in front of me; and then he mockingly repeated my absurd answer.

"With all the force of a sudden fury I threw my open knife at him. It just missed his head, and in an instant it was quivering in a tree beside him. The sight of it and of his white, startled face recalled me to my senses, and I sank down upon the ground, covering my face with my hands. The boys gathered about me kindly, even Charlie, the one at whom I had aimed the blow, saying that the fault was more his own than mine. But I knew that only God's mercy had saved me from seeing my schoolmate dead at my feet and my whole life darkened with the stain of murder.

"For weeks afterward I lived it over in horrible dreams; and to this day, Walter, ungoverned temper can never seem a light thing to me. Anger that is 'over in a minute' may be like a spark of fire on powder, and give you cause for shame and sorrow all your days."—*Kate W. Hamilton, in S. S. Visitor.*

TWO WAYS OF DOING BUSINESS.

Deacon H., of R., was in his wood-lot busily engaged in preparing a load for market. On the other side of a low fence his neighbor S. was also loading for the same market. S. paused in his work and watched the deacon for a while, and then exclaimed, "Deacon, you are a fool in being so precise with your load. You are altogether too particular. What is the use of packing so closely, rejecting so carefully every small and crooked stick, and every one which fails a single inch of the required length? Look at my load; it does not contain nearly as much as yours, though it will measure well, and will sell as readily as yours, with a considerably larger profit." The deacon simply answered: "You may do business in your way, and I will do it in mine."

They both drove to a neighboring city and waited in the market-place for customers. S. was fortunate enough to find a purchaser without much delay, while many hours passed before the deacon could dispose of his load. Upon his return late at night, his neighbor, who had been at home a long while, said to him: "I said you were a fool, and was I not right? I sold my wood for the same price you did, and besides a larger profit I have saved much time." The reply was: "You may do business in your way, I will do it in mine."

Several weeks passed. Deacon H. and his neighbor were again with their loaded teams in the city, where they had now been many times for a market for their wood. The deacon was met by a wealthy merchant of the city, who said to him: "Take your load at once to my yard; you need not stop to have it measured; and do the same with every load you bring; and I will gladly pay your price."

That night Deacon H. was early at home. Late in the evening S. arrived with his wood unsold. "How was it," he said, "that you found such a ready sale to-day, while I could not dispose of my load at any price?"

"You do business in your way, and I do it in mine; who is the fool?" said the deacon.—*Congregationalist.*

HOW CAME HE THERE?

One day a visitor to a prison saw a gang of convicts going from their day's work. They were walking "lock-step," each prisoner crowded close against another, their feet moving together, their arms pressed back, with each one's hands on the forward one's shoulders. Between a great rough man and a negro with a low, cruel face, was a slender, refined young fellow.

"How came *he* here?" asked the visitor, and the prisoner overheard the question, if not the answer: "Oh, a breach of trust—cheated his employers out of twenty thousand dollars."

A few minutes later, the young man sat alone in his miserable cell, out of which daylight had faded; cowering on his hard bed he pictured to himself the world outside, full of warmth and light and comfort. That question came to him again sharply: How came you here? Was it really for the stealing of that last great sum? Yes and no. Looking back twenty years he saw himself a merry-hearted schoolboy, ten years old. He remembered so well one lovely June day—why he could fairly see the roses in bloom over the porch, and the dress his mother wore at her work, could hear the laborers in the wheat fields. Freshest of all before him, stood his good old Uncle John—such a queer, kind, forgetful old man! That very morning he had sent him to pay a bill at the country store, and there was seventy-two cents left, and Uncle John had not ask for it. When they met that noon, this boy, now in prison, stood there then under the beautiful blue sky, and a great temptation came. "Shall I give it back because I ought? or shall I wait until he asks? If he *never does*—that is his own lookout. If *he does*, why I can get it again together."

The birds sang as sweetly as if a soul was not in danger—as if a boy was not making his whole future. The boy listened not to the birds, but to the evil spirit, whispering, whispering, and he *never gave back the money.*

Yes, twenty thousand dollars brought the man to the prison door, but the boy turned that way *years* before when he sold his honesty for *seventy-two cents* and never redeemed it. That night as he sat in the chilly cell, Uncle John was long ago dead, the old home desolate, his mother broken-hearted, and the prisoner knew what brought him there was not the man's deed alone, but the child's. Had the ten-year-old boy been true to his honor, life now would have been all different. One little cheating was the first of many, until his character was eaten out, could bear no test, and he wrecked his hope and manliness.—*Child's Paper.*

FANNY'S TEMPTATION.

"Now, Fanny," said Mrs. Ledyard, "I find that I must go to market directly, and I want you to put the sitting-room in perfect order while I am gone. See how nice you can make it look, and be spry, dear, for I shall not be gone long."

Fanny sighed. The sitting-room did look horribly! There were ends of thread, and scraps of muslin and calico from yesterday's sewing strewn over the carpet; the table was a mass of books, and papers, and letters, and the children's playthings were everywhere.

"Dear me!" she said, looking listlessly around, after watching her mother down the walk; "I don't know where to commence."

Then she heard the voices of the children in the yard. Willie called to her, and she ran down to see what was wanted. The velocipede was out there, and Willie begged to be taken a ride. Then Ada wanted a "teeter" with sister; and by the time that was accomplished, Anna Carter, who lived next door, came out, and the two girls hung over the fence and chattered awhile.

"Oh, dear!" said Fanny at last, "I ought to be in the house this minute clearing up the sitting-room. I do hate to work such nice days."

Then she went in very slowly; went up to the sitting-room very slowly. There she had a surprise! How nice it looked! The room was swept and dusted, and everything every where was in perfect order. Kate, from the kitchen, had been there and put everything right. While Fanny stood thinking about it, half pleased and half disappointed, and wondering what mother would say, the door opened, and mother came in. What she said was:—

"Why, how nicely you have done the work. It looks as pleasant here as possible—everything done neatly. I am very much pleased."

What did Fanny say? Did she exclaim, "O mother, don't you think—I didn't do it at all? Kate came while I was downstairs and surprised me."

She said no such a thing. In fact, she said not a single word. Just think of telling a falsehood about so little a matter as clearing up a room! But Fanny didn't speak. Oh, no, she didn't—and that was just the trouble! She kept still, and let her mother think what she knew was not the truth; and so my poor naughty Fanny told a story that bright sunny morning, simply by keeping still when she should have spoken—*Christian at Work.*

THE ART OF BEING DISAGREEABLE.

Not much of an art, you say? Well, perhaps not, but a very unpleasant art, we think sometimes, when we have suffered from its practice. Often the professors who seem most skilful in this art are the most simple and unpretending people one meets, who give you no direct occasion of offence, but whose gently-spoken words annoy and even wound long after they are heard.

She comes in to see you some morning, does Mrs. Blank, and congratulates herself on finding you at home, "such a treat, to have you all to oneself."

"Yes," you reply innocently, "I have been out every morning for the last week."

Mrs. Blank—"Have you, really? It must be very pleasant to be able to go out so much, but I never could do it myself. I have so many things to do for my children, and then too, I find that my servants don't work as well when they are left entirely to themselves. But you are so fortunate in being able to shake off cares."

Now it is quite useless for you to protest that you do oversee your house, and attend to your children, for Mrs. Blank only smiles, and goes on to a fresh topic in a way which implies that *she* knows your faults, but would not touch upon them for the world.

Another time she, or one of her sisters, describes for your edification the house and furniture of a mutual friend. "They have a picture gallery, you know," says your companion; "a charming one, where all the pictures are so well shown, for, of course, it is very bad taste to hang pictures and engravings all about your rooms now—very bad taste indeed! *Nobody* does it any more, at least nobody who pretends to any artistic taste. Those new wall papers are the only decorations needed," and all the while she gazes tranquilly about upon *your* well-covered walls, where pictures and engravings hang side by side. Does she not see them? you wonder, but you make no remark, because by this time Mrs. Blank is asking if you have been quite well this winter.

You confess to a succession of colds, which have made you rather an invalid, whereupon your friend says with a scrutinizing look, "Yes, that accounts for it—I was thinking how haggard you looked the other day when I saw you at church—of course, a bad cold explains all. Nothing like it, my dear, for making one look wretched—why, I met a friend lately who really seemed ten years older than she did last year, and all because she had just such a cold as you are suffering from."

But we will not further describe the ways of those people who practise the art of being disagreeable, because there are few of our readers who cannot fill up the picture from their own experience. And the most aggravating thing is that such people always pride themselves on what *they* call their candor, or frankness, or straightforwardness, or simplicity.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

"SOMEBODY ELSE."

A lady was walking quietly along a city street not long ago, when the door of a house flew open, and a boy shot out with a whoop like a wild Indian. Once on the pavement he danced a sort of double-shuffle all around a curb-stone, and then raced down the street in great haste, for it was evident, by the books under his arm, he was going to school. The lady was thinking what thoughtless, noisy creatures healthy boys always are, when just a few yards before her she saw something yellow lying on the stones. Coming nearer she fancied it was a pine-shaving, and looked after the boy again. She saw him suddenly stop short in a crowd of people at a crossing, and come back as fast as he had gone, so that just before she reached the shaving he did—and picked up, not a shaving at all, but a long, slimy banana-skin. Flinging it into a refuse barrel, he only waited long enough to say, "Somebody might have slipped on it," and was off again.

It was a little thing to do; but that one glance of the boy's clear gray eyes, and this simple, earnest sentence, made the lady's heart very warm toward the noisy fellow. He had not slipped himself; he was far past the danger, and when one is in a hurry, it is a great bother to go twice over the same ground, but the "somebody else" might slip, and so for the sake of this unknown somebody the hurrying boy came back, and it may be, saved the life or limbs of a feeble old man or a tender little child. He might have said, "I can't wait to go back—it is none of my doing, and so it is none of my business;" but he made it his business, and in this showed a trait of character which promised well for the future. There is nothing nobler on earth than this taking care that "somebody else" shall not suffer needlessly. The child who grows up with such a spirit always active in him, may make his home like a heaven upon earth; and he will never know what it is to be unloved or friendless.—*Watchman.*

THE HEARTS OF THE LOWLY.

One day three or four weeks ago a gamin, who seemed to have no friends in the world, was run over by a vehicle, on Madison Avenue, and fatally injured. After he had been in the hospital for a week, a boy about his own size, and looking as friendless and forlorn, called to ask about him and leave an orange. He seemed much embarrassed and would answer no questions. After that he came daily, always bringing something if no more than an apple. Last week, when the nurse told him that Billy had no chance to get well, the strange boy waited around longer than usual, and finally asked if he could go in. He had been invited to many times before, but had always refused. Billy, pale and weak and emaciated, opened his eyes in wonder at sight of the boy, and before he realized who it was the stranger bent close to his face and sobbed:

"Billy, can ye forgive a feller? We was allus fighting, and I was allus too much for ye; but I'm sorry! 'Fore ye die won't ye tell me ye haven't any grudge agin me?"

The young lad, then almost in the shadow of death, reached up his thin, white arms, clasped them around the other's neck, and replied:

"Don't cry, Bob. Don't feel bad. I was ugly and mean, and I was heaving a stone at ye when the wagon hit me. If ye'll forgive me, I'll forgive you, and I'll pray for both of us."

Bob was half an hour late the morning Billy died. When the nurse took him to the shrouded corpse, he kissed the pale face tenderly, and gasped:

"D-did he say anything about—about me?"

"He spoke of you just before he died.—asked if you were here," replied the nurse.

"And may I go—go to the funeral?"

"You may."

And he did. He was the only mourner. His heart was the only one that ached. No tears were shed by others, and they left him sitting by the new-made grave, with heart so big that he could not speak.—*N.Y. Independent.*

HELIOGOLAND.

There are few places in Europe where the traveller may feel so secure from the companionship of the ordinary British tourist as in Heliogoland. And yet it is a British possession, and has been one ever since 1814. Up to that date the steep rock in the North Sea, whose name is sometimes spelt Helgoland, or Heilgeland, but which we call Heliogoland, had remained in uncoveted and undesired possession of the Danes. Early in the beginning of the present century, however, when strange acts of appropriation were committed under the influence of panic, and justified by the rough-and-ready laws of self-defence, we seized upon this little group of islands lying in the German Ocean, right opposite the mouths of the great rivers Elbe and Weser. It consists of Heliogoland, Sandy Island, and several reefs and rocks, of which only two have been given the distinctive names of the Monk and the Steen. Heliogoland itself is barely a mile long, and its average breadth is only the third of a mile. Even these moderate dimensions are said to be subjected to a steady reduction by the encroachments of the sea. There is every reason to believe that the whole group of islets, which bear distinct traces of change in their physical geography, once formed a single island—large compared to the size of any of its existing fragments.

A bit of old Frisian doggerel describes vividly enough the impression of the traveller who first sees Heliogoland in its summer dress:—

"Red is the land,
Green is the grass,
White is the sand;
These are the colors of Heliogoland."

Small as is the principal island, it yet boasts of two towns—one on the high land, and one on the low land. There is as much as 170 feet of difference between the two "lands," and the visitor must climb 203 steps, if he would reach the upper town from the sea-shore. On this "Ober-land" stands the Government House, the Church, the batteries and their magazine, and, higher than all, the splendid lighthouse, the lantern of which is 257 feet above the sea level. The dwellings are so neat and clean, that their wooden walls and red roofs help to produce the indescribably comic effect of the whole place having been just taken out of a box of children's toys, and neatly arranged in squares and rows.

The church is a curious building, and contains, suspended from the ceiling, several models of ships under full sail, presented *ex voto*, from time to time. The women sit by themselves down stairs, in pews marked with their family names; the men sit in a gallery up stairs, round which has been painted, by no mean artist, a series of scenes from the Old and New Testaments.

The font, too, is especially curious. It is held up by figures so ancient that *cognoscenti* declared they must be the remaining supports of some ancient altar to a heathen deity. When a christening takes place there is a preliminary ceremony of filling this font, and it is pretty to see fifty or a hundred children advancing up the aisle in a procession, each bearing a little mug of water. The service is Lutheran. It is not so long ago since prayers used to be offered up in this very church for wrecks; and it was an established custom, if the rumor of one arrived whilst service was being performed, for the clergyman to shut his book, seize the long hatchet-like pike placed in readiness for such an emergency, and lead his flock to their boats. But the mission was scarcely a Christian one, for no survivors were ever permitted to return and tell the tale of what sort of welcome they had received on these inhospitable rocks.

We must remember, however, in mitigation of such hard and cruel facts, that from father to son for many and many a bygone generation the trade and profession of each male inhabitant of Heliogoland had been that of a wrecker, with a very little exercise of the pilot's or fisherman's more gentle craft during the brief summer months. Indeed it has taken the strong repressive measures insisted on and strictly carried out by the present Governor, to subdue this inborn tendency to act on the saying of what is one man's extremity being another man's opportunity. The great improvement in wrecking morals and manners which has been accomplished with so much difficulty is, however, but skin deep, and will even now collapse on the smallest chance of escaping detection.

The present Governor of Heliogoland has indeed made enormous reforms in the system of legalized wreckage which he found in practice on the islands. He has established a volunteer corps of native coast-guards superintended by eight picked coast-guards men from England. Now, therefore, when a wreck takes place on the shore, the errand of those battling with the beating surf, the howling wind, and the blinding storms of sleet and snow, to where the poor ship lies stranded on the rocks, is one of succor and not of heartless villany. Formerly the very same men would only have hastened to the spot with their pikes and hatchets, to cut down the bullheads, force open the hatches, take out the cargo, and break up the ship as quickly as might be for the sake of appropriating her timbers, copper, and ballast.

In spite, however, of the utmost vilglance it sometimes happens that the old trade is still plied, and the Governor told me the following story himself:—

He was one day lately caught in a thick fog when out in a boat shooting wild sea-birds, and whilst waiting for the mist to lift, he heard a sound of hammering in the direction of a distant reef. His practiced ears soon told him what it meant, and in spite of the difficulties raised on the spot by the crew of his boat, and the earnest efforts they made to dissuade him, he persisted in steering towards where he knew the reef lay. Just before reaching it, the fog lifted slightly, disclosing to some sentinel wrecker the swiftly coming boat. In a moment the most absurd stampede took place. Out of the cabin and hold of the unfortunate ship the disturbed pillagers swarmed like bees, hoping to reach their own boats and escape unrecognized. So rapid were their movements, that only two or three of the least agile were captured, but those who succeeded in getting away left behind them their large axes and other ship-breaking implements, on most of which their names had been branded, and which thus furnished the means by which the owners were captured and punished. Since this adventure the wreckers have had to acknowledge that like Othello, "their occupation's gone," and they have taken every opportunity of enlisting themselves on the side of law and order.

There has been great difficulty too in inducing the natives to use the life-boats brought from England. On more than one occasion the coast-guard men have found the air-boxes broken and the linings cut by the natives, whilst they have themselves been absent on a life-saving expedition. But these obstacles lessen every day, under the firm yet kindly rule of the present Governor, who takes the liveliest personal interest in every detail of his administration.

The Waal Channel separates the Downs or Sandy Island from Heliogoland, and both islands are but thinly covered with soil, which is hardly anywhere more than four feet deep. Still there is pasture for cattle and sheep; and fair crops of barley and oats can be raised in summer. The principal revenue of the islands is derived from fish, which are sent to London *via* Hamburg, and from a large oyster-bed. For the last fifty years it has also been the favorite summer bathing-place of Austrians and Germans, who come over in great numbers between June and September.

To enjoy Heliogoland you must be a good walker, for there are no horses on the island, and every place has to be visited on foot. There is a nice breezy walk across the highest point of the island to the north end, where a curious rock stands boldly out, almost separate from the mainland. The cliffs are full of caves and grottos, which are illuminated twice a year. A reckless expenditure of blue lights and rockets takes place on these occasions, producing, I am assured, a very enchanting and magical effect.

There is a generally received fable to the effect that Heliogoland is overrun with rabbits, which are rapidly and surely undermining the whole of Sandy Island and will eventually cause it to disappear beneath the sea. But, as a matter of fact, there is not a single rabbit on the island, nor has there been one in the memory of the present generation. The wild-fowl afford excellent sport. The guillemots breed in immense quantities among the picturesque rocks of the west coast, and in the autumn large numbers of woodcock land here on their way south in search of summer climes. In the town itself two large poles are erected at the corner of every street, and between them a net is suspended, by means of which many birds are caught during their flight. Mr. Gatke, the permanent Secretary to the Government, has a most interesting ornithological collection, consisting entirely of birds that have been shot on the islands, but embracing specimens of numerous foreign varieties. Many of those we saw must have found their way hither from Africa, from the Himalayas, and even from Australia, besides a peculiar kind of gull (Ross's gull) from the Arctic regions, of which even the British Museum does not possess a specimen. Mr. Gatke talks of publishing a book on this collection of feathered wanderers whose flight has ended here.

During the winter the rocks swarm with wild-fowl of all kinds—swans, geese and ducks, but only two of the species breed there, the razor-hawk and the guillemot. In the spring, when the rocks are literally covered with these birds, the effect must be inexpressibly droll, and the noise tremendous.

Insignificant as the place seems to most of us, Heliogoland has given a great deal of trouble in her day. Barely ten years ago she was the bugbear of insurance offices and shipowners, and a well-known refuge for masters desirous of getting rid of their vessels in a comfortable manner. No vessels once on the neighbouring reefs, or on the main island, was ever allowed to depart, while those wrecked in the Elbe or the neighbouring rivers were simply plundered by the Heliogoland fishermen and pilots under the plea of salvage. The remuneration for discharging or pilfering a cargo used to be settled in full assembly of the Vorsteherschaft whose members, being principally pilot officers and wreckers themselves, were naturally interested in the amount of the reward received for salvage.

No debts could be recovered in the island, no legal decrees enforced, and a creditor had to wait for the death of an obstinate debtor, on the chance of his property coming before the court. The credit of the island, until lately, was at a very low ebb indeed, and, in order to increase its funds, contracts for public gambling were entered into between the Vorsteherschaft and some German lessees, which had the desired effect for the moment. It is difficult to imagine that so small a place could, in the few years between 1815 and 1868, have involved itself in a public debt to the extent of £7,000. At present in spite of the abolition of the gaming tables and a great outlay on public works, this sum has been reduced to somewhere about £3,000. To the wise and prudent administration of the present Governor, this, as well as every other improvement, is due. Under his beneficent rule, Heliogoland has changed so much, that the visitor of even fifteen years ago would not recognize in the orderly, neat, thriving little settlement, the ruinous, lawless, bankrupt island of those comparatively recent days.—*Annie Brassey, in MacMillan's Magazine (Abridged.)*

NOW.

One of the ways in which we too often cheat ourselves of improvement, is by postponing our reforms to a moment not yet come. "What are you going to do this morning?" asks some one, and the answer is ready: "Oh, nothing this morning, but to-morrow morning I shall begin"—reading, or sewing, or studying, or working for the poor, as the case may be—and so the present idleness is veiled by the thought of future achievements. Or sometimes it is only for the hour that we are idle. We dream away fifty or sixty minutes, easing our consciences with the thought that we are going directly, yet lingering inexcusably all the time. Strange it is, that this oft-repeated excuse is yet so potent when we whisper to ourselves we are not idling, oh, no! we are only indulging in a little season of waiting before we enter on the task belonging to us. So we go on, through hours and days, through weeks and months, through years at last—and still the new life has not been lived, and still we stand dallying with this "now" as once with all those other nows which make up our yesterdays. Let us wake up to one truth. Resolutions for the future are no resolutions at all. To begin at all, in anything, we must begin now, this day, this hour, this moment, or we shall never begin. For we are what we are now—and as we live to-day so shall we live to-morrow, and the next day, if thus we suffer resolutions to blind us to our want of present effort. Once more, then, let your resolves be for the present moment, let your deeds be instant, for thus, and thus only, can you reach the good for which you strive. It is not what you are planning, but what you are doing, that reveals your true self.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE RULE OF HOSPITALITY.

True hospitality is a thing that touches the heart and never goes beyond the circle of generous impulses. Entertainment with the truly hospitable man means more than the mere feeding of the body; it means an interchange of soul gifts. Still it should have its laws, as all things good must have laws to govern them.

The obligation to be hospitable is a sacred one, emphasized by every moral code known to the world, and a practical outcome of the second great commandment.

There should never be a guest in the house whose presence requires any considerable change in the domestic economy.

However much the circumstances of business or mutual interests may demand in entertaining a stranger, he should never be taken into the family circle unless he is wholly worthy of a place in that *Sanctum Sanctorum* of social life; but when once a man is admitted to the home fireside, he should be treated as if the place had been his always.

The fact of an invitation gives neither host nor guest the right to be master of the other's time, and does not require even a temporary sacrifice of one's entire individuality or pursuits.

A man should never be so much himself as when he entertains a friend.

To stay at a friends house beyond the time for which one is invited, is to perpetrate a social robbery.

To abide uninvited in a friend's home is as much a misdemeanor as borrowing his coat without his permission. It is debasing the coin of friendship to mere dross when a man attempts to make it pay his hotel bills.

The fact of two men having the same occupation and interests in life gives to neither a social right to the other's bed and board. A travelling minister has no more right to go uninvited to a fellow-preacher's house than a travelling shop-keeper or shoemaker has to go uninvited to the house of his fellow-craftsman. Men are ordained to the ministry as preachers, teachers and pastors, and not as private hotel-keepers.

They who go into the country in summer as uninvited guests of their farmer friends should be rated as social brigands and treated accordingly.

These few social maxims are by no means to be taken as a complete code of laws. Others quite as important will spring out of the personal experience of every reader of this article, and the justice and equity of all may be tested by that infallible standard of society,—the Golden Rule. There can be no true hospitality that in practice is a violation of this rule; and you may safely rest assured that you have given the fullest and most perfect measure of entertainment to your neighbor if you have done exactly as you would be done by.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

AMBIDEXTERITY.

Mr. Charles Reade has lately written to the *Daily Telegraph*, strongly urging that children be taught to make the same use of both hands. He was taught to do so himself, and with the happiest results. As further evidence in favor of ambidexterity, a local paper remarks: "The late Mr. Ridding, who was rector of Andover and fellow of Winchester College, being himself ambidexterous, educated his four sons to be able to use their left and right hands indifferently and indiscriminately, and I believe I am within the mark in affirming that any one of them could change knife and fork at dinner, from hand to hand, without the least inconvenience. Moreover, the Ridding family justified Mr. Charles Reade's inference that ambidexterity is beneficial. They were one and all magnificent athletes though short men, and their brain power was of so very high an order, that the whole quartette of brothers were simultaneously fellows of different Oxford colleges, whilst the youngest, as all the world knows, is now head master of Winchester."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

The *initials* of the following names give the name of a prophet who was also a priest; the *finals*, the name of the city where he dwelt.

The man who was full of the "spirit of wisdom."

The city which worshipped Baalzebub.

One of the five kings of Midian who was slain in consequence of the sin of Baal peor.

A country famed for its wisdom.

A man to whom David showed kindness for Jonathan's sake.

The ruler of the half tribe of Manasseh in the reign of David.

The emblem of industry.

The place where Israel defeated Arad the Canaanite.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

13. By whom was the first burying ground bought?
14. According to sacred history who was the first hunter?
15. Who built the first ship?
16. Who was the first Christian martyr?
17. Who was the first person known to have worn a ring on his finger and a gold chain on his neck?
18. Who was the first man who was named by the Lord before his birth?
19. Who was the first to weep according to Scripture?
20. What was the first Scriptural song?
21. Who made the first confession to the Lord as recorded in the Bible?
22. Who was guilty of the first theft aside from Eve?
23. What was the first offering of Woman recorded in the Bible?
24. Who erected the first monument to the memory of the dead?

He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool.

PROV. 28: 26.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1878, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON XV.

APRIL 14.]

THE SCRIPTURES FOUND AND SEARCHED. [About 624 B. C.]

READ 2 Chron. 34 : 14-22. REVISE vs. 20, 21.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—2 Chron. 34 : 14-22. *T.*—2 Kings 22 : 8-15. *W.*—Deut. 31 : 24-29. *Th.*—Deut. 29 : 23-29. *F.*—John 5 : 39-47. *Sa.*—Ps. 119 : 129-144. *S.*—Rev. 22 : 14-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Search the Scriptures, for in them ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me.—John 5 : 39.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Scriptures are to be searched and obeyed.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—The persons sent by Josiah to arrange for the repairs of the house of the Lord employed architects, builders, and workmen who did their work faithfully. When they brought out the money from the temple, the book of the law was found.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Observe God's special providence in preserving the book of the law through the times of apostasy, and bringing it out just when the people were ripe to receive its teachings. Before the time of the Reformation under Martin Luther, many, even of the priests, had never seen a Bible. All true reformation must be based upon the study of God's law.

NOTE.—*Hil-ki-ah*, (portion of Jehovah), the high priest in Josiah's reign, 1 Chron 6 : 13 ; 9 : 11 ; Neh. 11 : 11, probably the great-grandfather of Ezra, Ezra 7 : 1. *Ah-i-kam*, son of Shaphan, father of Gedaliah, 2 Kings 25 : 22, and Gemariah, Jer. 36 : 12. *Ab-don . . . Ach-a-bor*, 2 Kings 23 : 12. *Hul-dah*, the prophetess of whom nothing further is known than the statements in 2 Kings 22 : 14, and 2 Chron. 34 : 22. Her father, Shallum, was "keeper of the clothes," either those of the priests, which were kept in the temple, or the king's. She dwelt at Jerusalem, which may account for their visiting her instead of Jeremiah, whose home was at Anathoth, 4 miles north east of Jerusalem. Huldah dwelt "in the college," or rather, as the margin reads, "in the second part," or district, of the city—that is, in "the lower city," the hill Acra, north-west of the old city, which had been enclosed by the wall of Manasseh. 2 Chron. 33 : 14. Jewish tradition says that Huldah and Jehoiada the priest. 2 Chron. 24 : 15, were the only persons not of the house of David that were ever buried in Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE LAW FOUND. (II.) THE LAW READ. (III.) THE LAW LEADS TO THE LORD.

I. THE LAW FOUND. (14.) HILKIAH, see Notes; A BOOK OF THE LAW, the book—*i.e.*, the Mosaic law; GIVEN BY MOSES, some writers interpret this as meaning the original copy in the handwriting of Moses, or the copy deposited by Moses in the ark of the covenant. Deut. 31 : 26. It may have been a different, or more likely secreted during the desecration of the temple by the earlier kings, 2 Chron. 27 : 24, or by Manasseh, 2 Chron. 33 : 4, 7. The ark had been removed from the temple. 2 Chron. 35 : 3. (15.) SHA'PHAN, the scribe—*i.e.*, royal secretary, or "secretary of state." The office was important, and involved very confidential relations with the king. Scribes, as a regular class, came in about this time. 2 Chron. 34 : 13. (16.) THE SERVANTS, the persons overseeing repairs on the temple. v. 8. (17.) MONEY, 2 Kings 12 : 9.

I. QUESTIONS.—What book was found in the house of the Lord? By whom? His office? Where had the book first been deposited? Why so long out of sight? Form of ancient books? To whom did Hilkiah give the book? Where was it then taken? Report on the work of repairing the temple.

II. THE LAW READ. (18.) A BOOK, there is no definite article. He does not tell what book he has at first; READ IT, read in it, read a part of it. (19.) RENT HIS CLOTHES, an action used to express great grief, horror, and repentance, as Reuben, Gen. 37 : 29; Job, Job 1 : 20; Ahab, 1 Kings 21 : 27, Jehoram, 2 Kings 6 : 30.

II. QUESTIONS.—How did Shaphan make know the discovery and contents of the book to the king? Effect on the king? How did he show his feelings? What was meant by rending his clothes? Other Bible examples of the same action? Why was the king so greatly affected?

III. THE LAW LEADS TO THE LORD. (20.) HILKIAH, see Notes. (21.) ENQUIRE OF THE LORD, through some prophet: this was a very common phraseology. 1 Kings 22 : 5-7 ; 2 Kings 3 : 11; THE WRATH OF THE LORD, probably the curses were read contained in Deut. 27, 28, or Lev. 26. (22.) HULDAH, see Notes; THE PROPHETESS, women occasionally exercised the prophetic office, as Miriam, Ex. 15 : 20, Deborah, Judg. 4 : 4. Isaiah's wife, Is. 8 : 3, Anna, Luke 2 : 36.

III. QUESTIONS.—How many were commanded by the king to enquire of the Lord? State their names. What do you know about each? Why was the king's fear excited? What curses had he probably heard read? State some of them. What was Huldah? Meaning of prophetess? Other women having the like gift? Dwelling of Huldah? Question proposed to her?

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) That the law of the Lord is often lost sight of?

(2.) That the reading of it should make sinners afraid?

(3.) That we should at once enquire of the Lord as to the meaning of his Word? (The Holy Ghost now reveals it to enquirers.)

(4.) That they who now neglect the Bible are "without excuse"?

ILLUSTRATIONS.—*Reading the Bible.* A priest in Ireland found a peasant reading the Bible, and reproved him. "But I have a warrant for reading it, your reverence." "What do you mean?" asked the priest. "Why," answered the peasant, "Jesus Christ says, 'Search the Scriptures, for you think in them to have life everlasting.'"—*[Doway Bible]*

Searching the Bible. An aged man who had read the Bible from his youth was persuaded to join the Sabbath-school. He said that though he had read the Bible through many times, and thought he understood it tolerably well, he found it necessary in Sabbath-school to do more than read—he had to search—the Scriptures.—*Gray.*

LESSON XVI.

APRIL 21.]

JEREMIAH IN PRISON. [About 590 B. C.]

READ Jer. 38 : 1-9. REVISE vs. 8, 9.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Jer. 38 : 1-9. *T.*—Jer. 32 ; 26-38. *W.*—Rom. 7 : 11-25. *Th.*—Zeph. 3 : 8-20. *F.*—Isa. 26 ; 1-11. *Sa.*—Zech. 14. *S.*—Isa. 62.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not.—Jer. 33 : 3.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Lord hears and pardons.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Jeremiah was called to the prophetic office in the thirteenth year of King Josiah; announced the coming destruction of Judah; was denounced as a traitor; and when the Babylonian army besieged Jerusalem, Jeremiah was imprisoned by King Zedekiah. While thus shut up he prophesied as recorded in this lesson.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—As we are to have only three lessons in the book of Jeremiah, you will need to read as much as possible outside of the lesson. Especially try to learn the condition of Judah at this time, and its relation to the neighboring nations. See what prophets and kings were contemporary with Jeremiah.

NOTES.—*Jer-e-mi-ah*, son of Hilkiah; born in Anathoth, 4 miles north-east of Jerusalem; began prophesying 627 B. C.; proclaimed that Judah would be in captivity to Babylon for 70 years, after which time it would be delivered: imprisoned and threatened with death by the men of Judah; went into Egypt with the remnant left after Jerusalem was taken; was alive 570 B. C. Tradition says he was stoned to death in Egypt. Jeremiah was contemporary with five kings of Judah—viz., Josiah, Jehoahaz, Jehoiakim, Jehoiachin, and Zedekiah; and with five prophets—viz., Zephaniah, Habakkuk, Daniel, Ezekiel, and probably Obadiah. *Ebed-me-lech*, the inhabitant of Cushia, on the Euphrates and the Tigris Rivers. They were descendants of Cush. After 625 B. C. all Babylonia was included in "the land of the Chaldeans."

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) GOD REVEALS "HIDDEN THINGS." (II.) PROMISES A RETURN FROM CAPTIVITY. (III.) PROMISED REWARD AND PROSPERITY.

I. GOD REVEALS "HIDDEN THINGS." (1.) JEREMIAH, see Notes; THE SECOND TIME, for the first time, see 32 : 6, 8; YET SHUT UP, by King Zedekiah, 32 : 3; compare Paul's experience, 2 Tim. 2 : 9. (2.) THUS SAITH THE LORD—*i.e.*, the doer of that which he is now to reveal; IT, "whatsoever Jehovah will" (*Speaker's Com.*), the city of Jerusalem (Fausset from Calvin); HIM NAME, Jehovah, "I am that I am." Ex. 3 : 14. (3.) CALL UNTO ME, in prayer; he had already prayed and received answer, 32 : 16-25, 36-44; compare Ps. 91 : 15; MIGHTY THINGS, "hidden things," as in the margin, Is. 48 : 6; comp. Dan. 2 : 28, 47; 1 Pet. 1 : 10-12. (4.) THE MOUNTS, the mounds or earthworks of the besieging enemy, or the Jews, defenders of the houses; THEM, the houses; DEAD BODIES, their own, slain by famine, pestilence and sword.

I. QUESTIONS.—The prophet Jeremiah? His birthplace? Date? Mission? Life? Where shut up? By whom? Why? Meaning of the name Lord? [Jehovah.] Jeremiah's former prayers? Hear answer? What would God reveal? Word concerning the houses? How destroyed? Fate of those opposing the Chaldeans? By whose will slain? Why?

II. PROMISE OF A RETURN FROM CAPTIVITY. (6.) IT, the city. (7.) CAPTIVITY OF JUDAH, in Babylon, for 70 years, as predicted; CAPTIVITY OF ISRAEL, in Assyria, beginning in 721 B.C., when Samaria was taken. Judah and Israel are used together to denote the whole covenant people.

II. QUESTIONS.—What would Jehovah bring to the city? What repeat of its inhabitants? The promise as to the captivity? How long did the captivity of Judah continue? Among what people? Name the two Bible books in which you can find a history showing, in part, the fulfillment of this "prophecy"? Ezra and Nehemiah.] When did the captivity of Israel begin? Where was it? Promise to the covenant Israel?

III. PROMISES PARDON AND PROSPERITY. (8.) WILL CLEANSE THEM, comp. Zech. 13 : 1; Ezek. 36 : 25; 1 John 1 : 7; Heb. 9 : 13, 14. (9.) IT, the city, as in v. 6; THEY, the nations, as opposed to Israel; as opposed to the people of God. For the rejoicing of Israel see Ezra 3 : 11.

III. QUESTIONS.—From what would God cleanse them? What pardon? Repeat verses from Zechariah, Ezekiel, 1 John, and Hebrews showing how God pardons sin. What is the hope and ground of our pardon? How shall the nations regard Jerusalem? What are we thus taught as to the final triumph of God's people?

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) That God's promises ought not to slacken, but to quicken, our prayers?

(2.) That God judges nations in this world?

(3.) That even in wrath God has purposes of mercy?

(4.) That the Church will surely triumph over the world?

BLACKBOARD OUTLINE.

THE WORLD GIVES THE LORD GIVES

WEAKNESS, DISTRESS, DESTRUCTION, FAITH, CAPTIVITY,

HEALTH, PEACE, PARDON, PROSPERITY, FREEDOM,

WHICH WILL YOU CHOOSE?

LESSON XVII.

APRIL 28.]

THE RECHABITES. [About 605 B.C.]

READ Jer. 35 : 12-19. REVISE vs. 18, 19.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Jer. 35 : 12-19. *T.*—Jer. 35 : 1-11. *W.*—Heb. 12 : 22-29. *Th.*—Neh. 9 : 33-35. *F.*—Isa. 51 : 12-23. *Sa.*—Prov. 1 : 24-33. *S.*—Mal. 1 : 6-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Will ye not receive instruction to hearken to my words? saith the Lord.—Jeremiah 35 : 13.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—God will reward obedience.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—The events of this lesson took place several years before those in the last lesson. The Rechabites fled to Jerusalem for safety from the advancing armies and plundering bands, when Nebuchadnezzar, after having defeated the Egyptians at Carchemish, on the Euphrates, B.C. 605, advanced against Jerusalem in the reign of Jehoiakim.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Mark the blessing which God gave to the Rechabites for their obedience to a father's command. Strive for yourselves to gain the blessing which comes to those who obey the earthly, and still more to those who obey the heavenly, Father.

NOTES.—*Jon-a-dab* (whom Jehovah impels), called Jehonadab ben Rechab 2 Kings 10 : 15, son of Rechab and the founder and lawgiver of the Rechabites. *Re-chabites*, a branch of the tribe of Kenites which sprung from Hobab, the brother-in-law of Moses, Num. 10 : 29; migrated with the Israelites from the desert to Canaan, and there continued their nomad life. Judg. 1 : 16 ; 4 : 11 ; 1 Sam. 15 : 6. In order to keep them from the vices of settled life, Jonadab had laid down rules for descendants. They were not to build houses, to sow seed, to plant vineyards, or to drink wine. They had observed these rules for 300 years when Jeremiah used them as an example against Israel. A tribe has been found in the desert of Arabia, near Mecca, which claims to descent from Hobab, and has been supposed to represent the Rechabites.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE RECHABITES AN EXAMPLE OF OBEDIENCE. (II.) PUNISHMENT OF JUDAH'S DISOBEDIENCE. (III.) PROMISED REWARD OF OBEDIENCE.

I. THE RECHABITES AN EXAMPLE OF OBEDIENCE.—[Their principles and conduct should be studied in the first part of the chapter.] (13.) TELL, say so. (14.) JONADAB, see Notes; UNTO THIS DAY, a period of 300 years, ever since the time of Jehu, 2 Kings 10 : 15; THEIR FATHERS, forefathers, the founders of their institutions. The force of the argument is, They obey their earthly ancestor, long ago dead; you do not obey your Heavenly Father, the living God. Compare Mal. 1 : 6.

I. QUESTIONS.—Describe the circumstances under which the Rechabites were invited to drink wine. Their refusal. Reason of their total abstinence principles and practice. How long had they persevered in their ways? The founder of the order? His association with John? Jeremiah's word to Judah? Use of the Rechabites as an example?

II. PUNISHMENT OF JUDAH'S DISOBEDIENCE. (15.) THE PROPHETS, before this time there had been prophecies from Elijah, Elisha, Jonah, Joel, Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Micah, Nahum, Zephaniah, Habakkuk, as well as from Jeremiah; RISING UP EARLY, a proverbial expression, equivalent to speaking "zealously and earnestly," used frequently by Jeremiah (see Jer. 7 : 13; 25 : 3, 4; 26 : 5; 29 : 19; 35 : 14, 15; 44 : 4), and implying the unwearied endeavor of Jehovah to reach his people. (17.) I HAVE PRONOUNCED AGAINST THEM, by the prophets above mentioned; THEY HAVE NOT ANSWERED, PROV. 1 : 24-32 ; Is. 65 : 12.

II. QUESTIONS.—How had God warned them? Give the names of the prophets who had lived before this time? Force of "rising up early"? Other places in which Jeremiah uses similar words? The promise held out if they would return? v. 15. Contrast of the people of Judah with the Rechabites? Judgments threatened? On what ground? Danger of those who will not hearken unto God's call?

III. PROMISED REWARD OF OBEDIENCE. (18.) HOUSE OF THE RECHABITES, family of the Rechabites: they did not dwell in houses. (19.) TO STAND BEFORE ME FOR EVER, may mean, (1) to minister before Jehovah—*i.e.*, to worship him, never serving any other God; (2) never to cease to exist as a tribe, but to continue in God's sight for ever; (3) "to stand before the Lord" in the official sense, as did members of the tribe of Levi. Deut. 10 : 8; 18 : 5, 7. Some have inferred that the Rechabites were incorporated into the tribe of Levi, but this is doubtful.

III. QUESTIONS.—The ground of God's blessing upon the Rechabites? The promise made to them? Meaning of it? Its fulfilment? Repeat the fifth commanding of it? Its fulfilment? Repeat the fifth commandment. The promise in it? How may we obtain the blessing of obedience? Are you striving for it?

What may we learn from this lesson as to—

(1.) The influence of fathers in securing temperance among their descendants?

(2.) The honor due to God, since we acknowledge so much as due to fathers?

(3.) The certain punishment of wilful disobedience?

(4.) The enduring nature of God's blessings?

BLACKBOARD OUTLINE.

GOD WILL PUNISH DISOBEDIENCE, AND REWARD OBEDIENCE.

COMPLIMENTARY.

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